

THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12.  
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).  
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.  
Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,  
**83,389,828.**  
Average per Day for Entire Year.  
**228,465.**

SIX YEARS COMPARED:  
THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1882.  
Yearly Total. Daily Average.  
1882..... 8,151,157 22,331  
1883..... 12,255,238 33,541  
1884..... 18,159,783 50,000  
1885..... 21,241,207 58,195  
1886..... 20,124,041 55,134  
1887..... 83,389,828 228,465

Sunday World's Record:  
Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.  
The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727  
The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054  
The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1884 was 79,985  
The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636  
The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724  
The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267  
Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:  
Year. Total. Daily Average.  
1882..... 1,423,288 3,927  
1883..... 2,255,238 6,195  
1884..... 3,159,783 8,659  
1885..... 3,741,207 10,225  
1886..... 3,512,041 9,622  
1887..... 14,249,828 39,319

## CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
(Arbitrary Measurement.)  
Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra charge for acceptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite Editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, starred or marked "Adv.": First page, \$1.50 per line; fourth page, \$1.25 per line; inside page, \$1 per line.  
The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening issue. Nor do the rates of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.

SOMETHING TO ARBITRATE.  
President CORBIN, of the Reading Company, says "there is nothing to arbitrate."  
The merchants of Reading, who urged upon the great Mogul this mode of settlement, do not agree with him. The New York Board of Trade and Transportation, which has adopted a resolution in favor of arbitration or compromise, sees that there are two sides to the difficulty.  
The public will agree with Congressman O'SHEA, of Pennsylvania, that "it cannot be possible that so large a body of industrious and intelligent men would quit work without considerable grievances."  
Bread-winners do not expose their families to mid-winter cold and semi-starvation without real reason. To refuse arbitration is to admit that your case is bad.

HALE'S CHECK.  
The possibilities of Down-East gall are illustrated in Senator HALE's attack upon the Democratic Administration for "hypocrisy in civil-service reform."  
There has been some inconsistency at Washington on this subject. But rebuke of it comes with a fearfully bad grace from the representative of a party that seized and held as spoils every office in the Government for twenty-four years; that made the public service a party machine, and assessed its incumbents for political purposes while resolving and orating in favor of a reform in the system.  
Since Satan rebuked sin there has not been a more edifying exhibition of cheek than HALE's repudiation of anti-reform politics.

HELD FOR RANSOM.  
The seizure by a city landlady of a baby and a bull-pup as hostages to secure the payment of an unsettled board bill introduces a new element of uncertainty into boarding-house life.  
Hitherto peripatetic "beats" have gone the round of the boarding-houses, taking their encumbrances and pets with them, and leaving behind at their hasty departure nothing more valuable than a grip-sack or a trunk stuffed with empty bottles and old paper.  
But if babies and pet dogs are liable to be seized and held for ransom by the watchful landlady dispenser the business will be complicated. A captive babe would bring most mothers to terms, but a pet dog howling for ransom would be irresistible.

GOOD THING, BAD NOW.  
Resolutions of Tammany Hall, in favor of "protection to American industries," adopted seventy years ago, are paraded by a war-tariff journal as though they applied to the country's present position.  
The industries were "infants" then; they are many of them stalwart monopolies now. The Government needed revenue then; it has a big surplus now.  
All the conditions are thus radically changed.

The Democratic party is in favor of a tariff for protection, a tariff for revenue, but no tariff for surplus.  
Iniquity is predicted by Senator HALE as sure to result from Democratic ascendancy. Iniquity actually resulted from Republican ascendancy. What's the use of dropping into prophecy when rank history is so accessible?

The sensational yarn published in the Sun of a "thrashing" administered to Edmund Hyson, the well-known Washington jour-

nalist, is as promptly denied by that gentleman as was the "faked" story published in the same sheet of Gen. Tamm's impending death.

JEM SMITH's manager evidently fears that the champion of England wouldn't be worth much for the show and hippodroming business after a set-to with the Pride of the Hub.

The miners have complicated their case by permitting it to become connected with that of the striking railroad men. The grievances are distinct and should be treated separately.

What is this? A boarding-house keeper fined \$50 for furnishing his table with oleomargarine! Is the millennium coming right along in solid chunks?

Citizen BLAINE the III. arrived in time to be a Presidential candidate in 1923. He will "get there" before his grandfather.

Mr. CLEVELAND is not sitting up nights watching anybody's Presidential boom.

The higher the horse ridden by Czar COBBIN the harder will be his fall.

## TID-BITS FROM WASHINGTON MARKET.

Some of the boys are still talking about that ball. Charlie Dresner is considered the Apollo of the market, with his \$2,300 diamond pin and ways that are taking.

No blow out is regarded as complete without Thos. Fitzpatrick, for he always brings his bass voice with him. He knows what to sing, too.

John Huber, the popular little fancy butcher, is enthusiastic on the subject of horse-flesh and is interested in a number of styes. He was every bit last season on the Kentucky Derby, besides putting \$5,000 out of the Suburban.

J. J. Blohm, Nick Snyder, Gen. Hoppe and Dave Kahn are check-full of information concerning tips, bookmakers and racing matters generally. Lancaster, Amber, Little Minch, Saxony and Blue line belong to these gentlemen.

## ABOUT THEATRE MANAGERS.

Manager Perley, of Dockstader's, is indefatigable. Many of his friends wonder if he ever sleeps.

Manager J. Charles Davis, of the People's Theatre, has travelled round the world and no more interesting companion can be found.

Manager Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, has a good word to say for everybody. This, it is thought, is the secret of his popularity.

Manager Gilmore, of Niblo's, likes a first night, and generally settles himself comfortably in the lobby of the theatre with a dozen friend round him.

Manager Schroeder, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, always sits in his comfortable office during a performance, resplendent in a faultlessly fitting dress suit.

A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, is one of the most accessible of theatrical men, as he is also one of the most industrious. This fact is worth noting.

Henry E. Abbey and his wife stroll in a leisurely way down Broadway each morning and breakfast at the Gilsey. Mrs. Abbey looks as charming in the street as she does on the stage.

Manager Dorney, of Daly's Theatre, is one of the busiest of men. Mr. Daly gives him plenty to do, and he is one of the most devoted admirers of "the Governor," as Daly is called.

Manager James W. Morrissey, of the Standard Theatre, has never been caught without a smile upon his ample countenance. Even the advent of a son and heir has not modified his good humor.

## WORLDLINGS.

The regular rate of increase of the Astor estate is said to be from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year.

A record introduced in this case in a Chicago divorce court the other day showed that one of the parties to the suit then on trial had once been fined \$1 by an Indiana justice for adultery.

Adam Foroughah, the circus man, wears a diamond for which a Chicago broker recently offered him \$10,000. It weighs forty carats. He has also a fifteen-carat diamond collar-button, for which he paid \$3,000.

St. Louis sports matched a game chicken against an eagle, and the bird of freedom was vanquished in very short order. The first pass made by the chicken cut the eagle's head nearly in two, and another high scuttled him. The chicken did not lose a feather.

Norman B. Bean, the Chicago grain and stock speculator, is forty-three years old. All of his great successes have been made in the last ten years, and not a few of them in Wall street. Like many another millionaire he started life as a clerk in a country store.

A veteran of the Mexican war, who is now living in Lagarto, Tex., at the age of eighty-seven years, tells some interesting stories of the fight at Buena Vista, and says he fought by the side of Gen. Taylor when he gave the famous order to Capt. Bragg for "a little more grape, Capt. Bragg."

A Marshall, Mich., man who had been badly cut and bruised over the eye applied a piece of raw beefsteak to reduce the inflammation. When he sought to remove it, it was found (so the Detroit Journal says) that the tissue of the beef had grown into the cut and united itself to the flesh so firmly that it was necessary to have a doctor to cut it away.

Stephen B. Elkins, Mr. Blaine's friend and adviser, is a man of cultivated literary tastes and is said to have a remarkable memory. He is a voracious reader and is able, after perusing an article, to repeat it almost verbatim. His library is large and contains many rare and valuable books. Mr. Elkins is forty-six years old and a millionaire several times over.

John Powell, an old Texan cowboy, caught an immense rattlesnake in a lawn near Orlando, Fla., recently. The snake gave him a terrible taste before he could rope it in, but he finally subdued it. It measures nine feet seven inches and has fifteen rattles, which are said to make a noise like that of the snare of a drum when the snake is excited.

A Bunch of Arrivals.  
Townsend Davis and Mrs. Davis are guests of the Victoria.

C. L. Spalding, the baseball man, stopped last night at the St. James.

Marion Perry, a Providence merchant, is stopping at the Union Square.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie, of London, are passing a few days at the Fifth Avenue.

R. Wilson, of Springfield, Ill., and Elmer White, of Toledo, are at the Hoffman.

Viscount and Viscountess Southill-Chorvign, of Montreal, are at the Brunswick.

At the Brunswick are booked H. Haswell, of London, and Edwin Wilson of England.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, registered this morning at the Fifth Avenue.

Honored Mercer, Premier Minister of Canada, arrived with an escort at the Albemarle today.

Ex-Senator Warner Miller, of Kentucky, and A. A. Hancory, of Boston, are recent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue.

Enjoying life at the Astor are W. F. Swan, of Denver; F. Drexel, of Baltimore, and Albert Dibble, of San Francisco.

## A BOLD BURGLARY.

(Continued from First Page.)

all the facts that the man gave were taken down, and two or three times afterwards he was asked to tell the story to different officials, and had questions put about different points as if they had not been made clear enough. But the German was not caught tripping. In fact, some of us thought that was a little suspicious in itself. It looked as if he might have learned it off by heart and have settled every point. If it had been as he said it would have been more natural that he should have thought of some circumstance that had not been noticed by him at first, or else would have made some little mistake that would have been corrected. No; he told his story straight every time and without any variation. He was told that it would be investigated.

He was the first person to be investigated. It was ascertained that he was an unmarried man. Inquiry at the commercial agencies and among the wholesale dealers with whom jewellers have to do showed that his credit was excellent and that he was rated as a well-to-do man, though not rich.

I fancied that perhaps he had compromised some woman and resorted to a scheme to raise money without seeming to be doing it.

Across the street from the jeweller's an expelleman lived in the second floor, over a store. He had a daughter nineteen years old. On the night in which the jeweller claimed to have been robbed this girl was sitting at the window of the front room looking out.

She remarked a young man walking leisurely up Ninth avenue, and shortly afterwards she saw him coming back again with the same deliberate gait on the other side of the street. She described the fellow to me. Stocky in his build, a slight roll in his walk, small black mustache and a short square face. Anything more particular than this she could not give, as she had not remarked the fellow very closely, since it was only on seeing him come back in the sauntering way in which he had passed up and so soon afterwards that her notice had been specially attracted.

There were two young women there. I sat down, looked at them and asked: "Is Nellie here still?" "You bet your sweet life she is," said one of them.

"How is she?" "Oh, she's all right."

"Has that cabby shown up lately that she had the mash on?" I inquired, laughingly.

"What cabby? Jimmie McDermott?" the girl answered.

"Is that his name?" I asked, indifferently.

"They call him Duke."

"I never heard him called anything but Jimmie," said the other girl. "He used to be around two months ago, but I ain't seen him round for some time. Guess he's dropped."

The woman who kept the place now appeared. I drew her out into the hall near the door and said to her:

"Is that little blonde here? Nellie—Nellie?" I looked up to the ceiling as if trying to recall the last name.

"Nellie Rogers, do you mean?" "Yes; that is the name. I think. She is pretty tall and plump without being stout."

"Yes, she is here. But you can't see her now."

"All right. I'll come around again, then. Perhaps to-morrow night."

I had a plan and it suited me very well to have things turn out just as they had.

The next day I went to Brooklyn and sent a telegram to "Nellie Rogers, No. — West Forty-sixth street." It ran as follows: "I am in a tight place. Meet me at New York end of Brooklyn Bridge to-night at 8. Telegraph to me here under real name. Duke." The telegram was dated from Suttle's Hotel, No. — De Kalb avenue.

I wanted to get the Duke's right name. It was probably Jimmie McDermott, but it was better to be sure, and not waste any more time in hunting on a chance.

I waited at Suttle's Hotel, telling the telephone operator to give me the answer to my message as soon as it came.

Sure enough, it did come in two hours. It was addressed to "James McDermott, Suttle's Hotel, Brooklyn." Eureka! I had feared that the operator might ask me my name, that he might know which message was for me. If he had done this before the telegram came, and the Duke had not proven to be James McDermott, I would have had some bother in getting the message.

He saw from the wording that the telegram was an answer to my message and called out: "Here it is. You are Mr. McDermott, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, and, taking it, read: "Will be there. Keep up a stiff lip. Nell."

So far, so good. I looked in the city directory. There were twenty-five "James McDermotts" without any middle name, and four more with one. None of them were put down as hackmen. I concluded that it would be better to get the address out of Nellie if I could.

I lounged slowly down to the New York end of the bridge in the evening, and got there about 8.05. Nellie had not come, but I had only been there a few minutes when she arrived. It did not serve my purpose as well to let her know that I knew her. So I waited a little while and then walked over to her.

"Are you Nellie Rogers?" I asked.

"What's that to you?" she said, looking at me with an angry glance.

"Why, I am here because the fellow you came to meet didn't dare to come. He found out he was shadowed and got me to come. We are pals. He described you and said if you were the right girl you could give me his address, and then I'd be sure. Can you give his address?"

"What do you want my address for?" she asked, eyeing me suspiciously.

"What do I want it for? Why, because McDermott—here I pulled myself up quickly as if the name had slipped me, and went on: "because the man who sent me to you wants me to tell you something, and I'm not to do it unless I have sure proof that you are the girl he sent for. If you can give me his address I'll know sure that it's all right."

"Why, it's—South Fifth avenue, said Nellie sulkily. "Now, what is the matter?"

"Come along and I'll tell you," I said.

We walked slowly across the bridge. I saw the girl was sharp and I had to be careful not to give myself away.

"Nellie," I said, "Jim has got into a scrape. They've got on to his trail about that jewelry racket on Ninth avenue."

"What jewelry racket?" she asked, looking up innocently.

"Ah, there! How much did that emerald

in working up these cases. I had got pretty tired after four weeks' effort to find "Duke," without coming anywhere near him.

One night I was coming up Broadway. I passed Niblo's just as the theatre was over. They were playing the "Black Crook" or some spectacular play at the time. I was in citizen's clothes.

A man came out with a girl and they started off up the street just in front of me. The girl was a fast woman, with rouge dabbed on her face and flashily dressed. She watched a woman of her own class skipping into a coupé.

"If Duke were round I'd get a lift myself," I heard her say to the fellow.

Good heavens! after a month's seeking for Duke, was he going to come to me like a ripe plum rolling off its own weight from the tree? I walked as near as I could in order to catch what was said about Duke.

"Who's Duke?" said the fellow.

"Duke is a dandy hackman that I have a mash on," she answered. "I haven't seen him for a month now, and don't know what has become of him."

"Well, what did you think of that girl that danced in the second act?" the fellow inquired after a moment's pause, seeming to take no further interest in Duke.

I did. Here I had been trying for weeks to find him without any satisfaction, and now I was on the scent.

I followed the two. They went over to Sixth avenue and boarded a horse car. When they got to Forty-sixth street they got out. I got off, too, and followed again till they reached a small brick house on the left hand side of the street. They went in here. I got the number and walked around till I met a policeman, whom I asked about the place. He said it had the name of being a house of ill-repute, but one of the more quiet, respectable kind.

I stepped back again to the house, and rung the bell. A negress opened the door. I stepped boldly in and asked to see the madame. The negro woman eyed me a little suspiciously, but told me to walk into the parlor.

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"Nellie," I said, "Jim has got into a scrape. They've got on to his trail about that jewelry racket on Ninth avenue."

"What jewelry racket?" she asked, looking up innocently.

"Ah, there! How much did that emerald

ring cost that you've got on your finger? You are a daisy, but I'd drop that bluffing, if I were you. We'll get along smoother."

"So you think this is from Duke, and that he cribbed it?" she asked laughing as she held it up and looked at it.

It was a large stone of, very pure water, in a heavy gold setting.

"Do you think he's a Vanderbilt to buy rings like that, even for his best girl?" said I, with a grin. "Well, they've dropped on him, he thinks, and he wants you to keep some of the jewelry. I'll get it and bring it to you."

"Hold on, now; you don't rope me in receiving stolen goods," cried Nellie. "Let Duke stew 'em away somewhere if he's afraid to let his wife keep 'em. If that's all I can do for him, why, that settles it. I won't."

She was stubborn, and I could not worm any admission out of her. She had not said anything certain about the emerald ring, even.

I let her go. I hurried over to New York and went to Duke's place. It was a small back apartment. His wife was sewing on a pair of breeches.

I inquired if McDermott was in. No. Where was he? He'd gone out. She didn't know where. Well, could he come to the Sixth Avenue Hotel to take one to the Forty-second street depot? No. He'd sold his hack, and didn't drive now. When did he sell his hack? Four weeks ago. I said I would wait till he came home, because I wanted to see him anyhow. At about 11 o'clock he came in and I arrested him. He denied all knowledge of the thing. Yes, he might have left some young men on Thirtieth street. He had done that often enough. Young men were often left in that neighborhood. He knew nothing about the robbery except what he had read in the papers.

McDermott was kept from Thursday till Sunday on bread and water and away from everybody. Sunday morning he weakened and sent for me. "I'll squeal," he said.

"D—it. I didn't get much out of the thing, and the others haven't treated me square."

I had him brought to the station-house. The Sergeant was at the desk and an officer in an adjoining room to hear what he said.

"You dropped on the right man, Captain," he said; "John Galvin put up the job. There were four in it beside myself. I drove them to Thirtieth street, and waited at Twenty-seventh to take them away. Galvin cracked the jeweller on the head, and we cleaned out the place in about twenty minutes. When you collared Galvin the others lit out. I don't know where they are, nor what they did with the jewelry. I got three or four rings and a watch. I gave that green ring to Nellie Rogers."

Galvin was tried, convicted and sentenced to twenty years at hard labor in Sing Sing. He looked at me when they were taking him away as savage as a mad dog and said:

"You ————, I'll cut the heart out of you for this."

I went up to Sing Sing two years afterwards, and found he was gone. He had shammed insanity, got to the State Asylum and from there escaped. Duke got off for having turned State's evidence, and the other three were not caught. Nor was the jewelry recovered except Duke's share. Nellie Rogers had a nice little talk with me when she found out what I had done. Her remarks were more forcible than elegant.

I have never seen or heard of Galvin since. Of course he doesn't dare to show up in New York, but if I am ever found with a knife in my belt it will probably be his. He is not a forgiving fellow.

## Only Put Tinfoil On.

For nine years and a half William O'Rourke has done a brisk business in tobacco, newspapers and magazines in West Thirtieth-street.

"To workingmen as a rule," he said to an EVENING WORLD reporter, "I sell five-cent packages of tobacco, which can be used either for smoking or chewing. No, I don't think the repeal of the tax would do either small dealers or consumers much good. All that the last reduction did